

THE  
S I E G E  
OF  
T R O Y.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

*As it has been often Acted with great Applause*

CONTAINING,  
A Description of all the SCENES, MACHINES, and  
MOVEMENTS, with the whole Decoration of the  
PLAY, and Particulars of the ENTERTAINMENT.

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M DCC XCV



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

**M**ENELAUS King of Greece, and husband of Q. Hellen, engaged in a ten years war the siege of Troy, in revenge for the loss of his Queen stolen from him by Paris, son of King Priamus.

Ulysses King of Thrace, engaged in the quarrel of King Menelaus, and left behind them in their feigned retreat from before the walls of Troy.

Paris. A Trojans Prince, son of King Priamus.

Sinon. A cunning Grecian, so zealous for the service of his King, that he cut off his lips, ears and nose, dismembering his own face being left bound in irons, under the belly of the wooden horse, to be thereby the better enabled, from the sight of such barbarous sufferings, to render himself the unsuspected object of their pity to the Trojans spectators; from thence by his artful tears and moving eloquence, to insinuate himself into their easy belief, as to persuade them to draw the horse within the city of Troy.

## WOMEN.

Hellen. King Menelaus's wife, and mistress to Paris.

Cassandra. A Virgin daughter of King Priam, an exalted character of piety and  
X virtue,

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

virtue, inspired by the gods with the true spirit of prophecy, yet never believed; a vehement prosecutor of Paris and Hellen for their lewd and wicked lives, and foretelling the destruction of Troy, as a vengeance for their impious and hardened adultery.

Venus. The goddess of love, a patroness to Paris and Hellen.

A numerous mob, trumpets and attendants of King Menelaus.



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THE  
SIEGE  
OF  
TROY.

---

ACT. I.

*The Curtain is drawn up, and discovers  
King Menelaus, Ulysses. Attendants and  
Guards.*

KING.

NEVER were wrong like mine ! an im-  
pious wife,  
The pleasure once, now torment of my life.  
Why in his crimes does still the adulterer  
reign,  
And why for ten long years have I in vain  
'Gainst Troy's proud walls my feeble ven-  
geance pusht.

X 2

Ulyss.

Ulyss. Droop not, great sir, for ten year's  
labour lost,

When a few days now seal the fate of Troy.  
Look forward, sir, to that prodigious engine,  
Of Troy's destruction, that tall wooden horse  
We have prepared in whose dark womb of  
fate

Five hundred generous volunteers all wait,  
All, all one stroke, to give the fatal blow.  
Fear not success.

King. No; wife Ulysses, no,  
When thy great hand's the royal engineer,  
'Tis by such Pilots I to Glory steer.

Ulyss. Consider sir, what managing hand  
I've found

To move this vast Machine? The honest Sinon  
A Man so hearty in your royal cause  
That he has dismember'd even his very face,  
Cut off his lips and nose, and torn his eyes  
out

To make himself the object of their pity.  
That by his moving looks and artful tears  
He may so lull the credulous Trojans ears,  
To draw that fatal horse within their walls.

K. Now fate, curst Troy, for destruction  
calls:

Revenge, O dear revenge, guide my keen  
sword,

To th' adulterous Hellen's canker'd heart?  
And Oh! 'twill give me more divine delight,  
Than

Than all the raptures of her bridal night.

Ulys. Our army thus retired, drawn off  
from Troy,  
Think what security do their husht fears  
enjoy.

K. Thus far our plote succeeds ; this false  
retreat we make, only to come with greater  
vengeance back.

SCENE II.

Enter Bristle, a cobbler, and his wife.

Bristle. I tell you once for all you shall  
not go.

Wife. Not to see the great horse the  
Grecians have left behind 'em.

Bristle. To be hors'd yourself you jade :  
What because the Grecians have left a  
wooden horse behind them, and are marched  
off like asses themselves, you must be  
golloping amongst the mob, must you? to  
see sights with a pox to you get you home to  
your wheel and spin, or I'll maul you——

Wife. Spin! ah, 'twas a cursed hard  
thread I spun, when I marry'd such a cobling  
rogue! a rogue that back beets me, and belly  
starves me too, a fribling, sneaking, fumbling  
rogue, that has got me but one child in  
twenty years, and gives me but three meals  
a day to keep life and soul together.

Bristle. Here's an impudent sow's baby!

Wife. Well, I am resolved I will go a-  
broad,

broad, and see this sight, though the devil stay at home and piss out the fire.

Bristle. Will you so! then I'm resolved I'll give your whore's hide, such a lick of stirrup leather, till I make your own devilship piss it out. [beats her.

Wife. Help! Help! Murder!

Within. Huzza! huzza!

Enter mob.

1 Mob } speaking { The Horse! the Horse!  
2 Mob } all toge- } The Greeks! the Greeks  
3 Mob } ther. } All run, run, run!

Bristle. Hold, hold, hold, neighbour? let one man speak at once.

All. Ay, ay, let our neighbour Bristle speak first.

Bristle. Then mark me, good folks, we are all going to see this great horse.

All. Ay, ay, the horse! the horse!

Bristle. Look ye then neighbours, let us march soberly and decently in roaring good order, as those civil gentlemen called the mob should do, and I'll be captain Tom your leader,

1 Mob. You our leader! Who are you?

Bristle. Who am I, Jack Sauce? Why I am the second man in the nation, I am the King's cobbler.

All. A cobbler!

Bristle. Ay, who but a cobbler? I'd have you

you to know that I am the man that put such a stout pair of soles upon the King's last neat leather shoes, that he has kickt the whole Grecian army quit out of the kingdom, and his Majesty and I are the two great saviors of the nation.

All. Ay, ay, a captain! a captain! a captain!

Bristle. Then follow your leader. But for your, jilflirt, get ye home, ye jade, or I'll so strap you—

[Exeunt, all but wife and 3d mob.]

3d Mob. A barbarous hard hearted man!

Wife. Barbarous indeed, if you knew all,

3d Mob. And so pretty a creature!

Wife. O laud, sir, pretty!

3d Mob. So pretty that I must make bold.

[Kisses her.]

Wife. Now blessings on the honey sweet eyes of you, dear sir. O this unnatural brute of a husband! Has he no more conscience in him, than to keep me lockt up at home, when they are such kind gentlemen and such sweet comforts abroad in the world.

[Exeunt.]

The Scene opens, and discovers Paris and Hellen fronting the audience, riding in a triumphant chariot, drawn by two white Elephants, mounted by two pages in embroidered



embrodiered liveries. The side wings are ten Elephants more, bearing on their backs open castles umbraged with canopies of gold; the ten castles filled with ten persons richly dressed, the retinue of Paris; and on the Elephants necks ride ten more pages in the like dress. Beyond and over the chariot, is seen a visto of the city of Troy; on the walls of which stand several trumpeters, seen behind, and over the head of Paris, who found at the opening of the Scene.

Paris. Whilst the fair Hellen in these  
arms I twine,  
These sweets and all this beauteous treasure  
mine;

Ten smiling years, crown'd with my vast  
delight,

Have been but one continued nuptial night.

Hellen. O Paris, for thy love what have I  
done!

What storms have I pull'd done, what  
dangers run,

Asia and Europe wak'd with war's alarms!  
Set kingdoms in a blaze, and all the world in  
arms.

Paris. But now these wars are done, and  
Troy's invincible

Yes my fair life, the coward Greeks are fled,  
And leaves me Lord of thee---

And

And now when the try'd world's long discord  
cease,

We'll tune our trumps of war to songs of  
peace.

Where Hector dragg'd in blood, I'll drive  
around

The walls of Troy, with love and laurels  
crown'd.

Enter Cassandra.

Cass. O Paris! Paris! all this pageant  
pride,

And that triumphant forcerefs by thy side!  
What banners can hard-fronted sin display,  
When vile adultery adorned so gay,  
Dares front the light, and shame the blush-  
ing day!

Hellen. O my dear Paris, is that screech  
owl here?

Will that eternal torturer never leave us?

Cass. No black adu'tress, close as thy dark

[Fate I follow thee.

And loud as thy own crying guilt, I come,  
To eccho thine and Troy's approaching  
doom,

Yet, headlong Paris, stop thy mad career,  
And to the voice of fate unlock thy ear;  
Hear heav'n and me! Not three short suns  
shall rise

E'er burning Troy one heap of ruin lies!

Y

P,

P. Vain preaching fool, more dreams  
more visions still.

More tales of stars and fate my ears to fill?  
Will empty noise and nonsense never cease,  
And thy wild frenzy never give me peace.

Cass. Peace, Paris! no; with all thy load  
of sin,

Soft peace and thou must never meet again.  
War, everlasting war! the batt'ling world,  
And angry gods, with all the bolts of fate,  
Blood, fire, and sword, for thy destruction  
wait.

In Troy's one blazing heap, one funeral urn  
Shall thou and thy adulterous minion burn.

P. No more bold insolent, I'll hear no  
more,

Do not provoke my vengeance thus to dare,  
With thy vile breath profane this heavenly  
fair;

For if thou dost, by all the the pow'rs I swear  
I'll drive my chariot o'er thy trampled head,  
Beneath my rolling wheels I'll crush thee  
dead,

C. Yes, thou shalt hear no more, lascivious  
boy,

Stain to the blood! from thee the fate  
of Troy!

Thy blushing sister takes her weeping eyes,  
Not from thy threats, but from thy shame she  
flies.

[Exit.  
Venus

Venus descends in a chariot drawn by two swans.

P. Hark! what celestial musick's this I hear?

See, see love's goddess from her heavenly sphere,

Bright Venus drest in her divinest ray,  
Descends to grace the triumphs of this day.

Ven. Yes, Paris, lord of the fair Hellen's charms,

I gave that darling beauty to thy arms,  
And will preserve her there——

Secure for ever thy rich prize enjoy;

No envious cloud shall your far peace destroy,

I'll shine the guardian deity of Troy.

Par. O I am lost in raptures! this high Grace!

But where's my vassals? where's my waiting train?

Quick, quick ye slaves, for goodness so divine,

Join all your airs, your songs of triumph join.

The ten rich figures in the castles of the  
Elephants address themselves to the goddesses with the following piece of musick in chorus.

### SONG.

**H**AILE beauteous goddess, all divine,  
Our up raised eyes and hearts are thine;

Y 2

To

To love we pray, to love we kneel,  
 Thy pow'r we own, thy darts we feel,  
 To thy bright sway, thy sovereign throne,  
 Not suppliant mortals bend alone;  
 To the blind god, thy boy, and thee,  
 Even Jove, almighty Jove, here bend a knee.

## A C T. II.

The scene opens, and in a wood without the walls of Troy, appears the Trojan-horse, being a figure of that magnitude, that 'tis 17 feet high to the top of his back. The whole figure magnificently adorned with all the trappings and furniture of a war horse, set off with rich gildings, plumes of feathers, and all other suitable decorations. Under his feet lies sinon, with a mangled face all bloody, his nose cut off, his eyes out, &c. bound in irons.

Enter Mob.

Captain **A**Y, ay, her 'tis! Here's the wonder of Greece, and honour of Troy. All our own boys, huzza!

1 Mob. Well! I never saw such a fight in all my born days.

2 Mob. Ay, neighbour, 'tis a wonderful beast, that's certain.

Cap. Beast! Udzoeks, have a care what you say! Call such a noble creature beast! why 'tis enough to make him up with his wooden leg, and kick your guts out.

2 Mob



2 Mob. I vow and swear Captain; it was before I was aware; but I beg the horse's princely pardon, and am his highnesses most humble servant.

Enter Mrs. Bristle.

3 Mob. And how dost thou like this noble palfrey?

Wife. O wonderful! 'tis a delicate fine beausshaped creature! Ah, that I had a coach, and six such horses, what a topping countess should I make.

Cap. And are you got hither with a vengeance to you?

Wife. Ay, my dear, and all the reason in the world; now this noble troop of Trojans have made you their captain, I could do no less my dear, for thy honour, than bring my sweet face hither, to shew 'em the captains lady.

[Sinon groans.

Cap. Who's that groans. [Sinon groans again.

1 Mob. Look, look there! what's he all gushed with blood and wounds, that lies in chains, beneath the horse's feet.

All. Let's unbind him, unbind him.

(they unbind him.

Enter Ulysses disguised.

Ulyss. Now 'tis my hour to mix amongst the crowd. This dress secures me.

Mo.

Mob. What are you friend? (To Sinon,  
Simon. A man, fir and a grateful one.  
Whilst on my knees I thank the generous  
hands

That have unloos'd my Chains.

Mob. Who bound thee?

Sinon. Villains.

Mob. What villains?

Sinon. Cowardly ones. The coward  
Greeks. They who durst face no more the  
walls of Troy, but are all run.

Mob. Run, whither?

Sinon. To the devil, I hope.  
Durst bind an innocent wretch, load me with  
irons,  
And gash me thus with all these hideous  
wounds,  
The natural marks of cowardice and bar-  
barity.

Wife. Ay, neighbour, what a sweet face is  
there spoil'd!

Mob. Ay, poor man, they were a pack of  
wicked rogues that did all this.

Wife. Ay, and wicked whores too, neigh-  
bour, if the truth were known.

Sinon. O lend your pitying ear, to a poor  
bleeding martyr,

For one poor harmless word, one slight  
offence,

The Tyrant King of Greece has given me all  
These

Those hideous brands, for which I owe him death:

Curses and thunder blast him!

Wife. Ay, friend, you do well to say your prayers backwards for him. And was it King Menelaus that used you thus unmercifully.

Sinon. The Tyrant Menelaus.

Wife. Ay 'tis like him, Cuckolds are always Tyrants. My old rogue is just such another.

Capt. Hark ye, neighbours, look ye, this fellow well managed, may give us full light and discovery why the Greeks are run, and when they run, and how they run, and whither they run.

2 Mob. A very good thought.

3 Mob. Ay, noble captain. But who dares trust him, he's a Greek himself.

Ulyss. Not trust him, gentlemen! who dares not trust him? What tho' a Grecian born, with that torn face, and all those gaping wounds, he's too much loaded with wrongs and miseries to serve such masters now.

Capt. Adad he's i'th' right.

2 Mob. A true Trojan, I warrant him. He talks like an oracle.

Wife. Ay, a very pretty fellow, only his beard is a little too long.

Capt. Then, look you, we'll ask him two or

or three wise questions, and then carry him to King Priamus to be examined. Pray, friend, why did the Grecians leave this horse behind 'em?

Sinon. The gods that warned them from the siege of Troy,

Commanded 'em to leave this monument  
A pledge of peace never to return in arms.

2 Mob. This monument we'll have drawn into the city.

All. Ay, ay! Into the city, into the city!

Capt. Hold, hold a little; how will you get it there? The gates are all too low.

3 Mob. Ah! Pox o' th' devil, all, all too low.

1 Mob. All undone! all ruined!

2 Mob. The whole shew spoil'd? we shall never get it in.

All. O never, never, never.

Ulyss. What! all amont, my honest friends and countrymen?

Not lead this trophy of the Trojan glory  
Into fair Troy's proud city, 'cause the gates  
Are only arch'd too low! Let not that stop  
ye,

Pull down the walls and give it entrance there.

All. Pull down the walls!

Ulyss. Ay, Gentlemen, make a large breach if possible.

Large

Large as your own great souls; the walls  
pull down,  
And have it drawn in triumph thro' the  
town.

1 Mob. Do you hear that, noble captain?

Capt. Ay, pox on't, do I hear it: what a  
dunce of a dog am I, that could not think of  
this.

2 Mob. And what shall we do now,  
captain?

Capt. Do! Why pull down the walls!  
pull down the walls.

All. Ay, pull down the walls, huzza!

[Exeunt.

The Scene shuts.

Ulyss. Now vengeance moves secure,  
Now impious Paris!

Thy mother's fatal dream when thou wer't  
born,

That from her womb she had a firebrand  
torn,

Should set all Troy in flames, shall be fulfill'd,  
All seal'd with fate, Troy shall in flames  
expire,

This arm, and thy hot lust, shall light the  
fire.

Enter Cassandra alone. (Exit.

Cass. Why was I born Troy's virgin oracle,  
Th' impending fate of empire to foretell,  
Yet never be believ'd?—Yet at the last

Z

I've



I've begged the gods a miracle to perform;  
 No more then Paris's deaf ears I'll storm.  
 His nobler senses now I will surprize,  
 And preach bright reason to his blinded eyes.  
 (Exit.

The scene opens and discovers the temple of Diana consisting of ten pieces of painting, in each of which are seen ten statues of the heathen gods, viz. Jupiter, Juno, Pallas, Apollo, Neptune, Thetis, Mars, Venus, Ceres, and Mercury. In the temple is a rich altar-piece, in the middle of which on a pedestal, stands a young woman drest in cloth of gold, representing the statue of Diana, holding a hunting spear in her hand; and on two other pedestals, stands two more young women, representing two of her nymphs: Over this altar-piece are seen three beautiful circles of clouds, and Diana is seen driving in a chariot drawn by two hinds.

Enter a procession of Priests and Priestesses in vestments adorned with silver crescents  
 Vocal musick.

**B** Right Cynthia, sovereign Queen of light,  
 With all thy vassal stars so bright,  
 Where the celestial glories shine;  
     To thee, to thee,  
     We bend aknee.  
 Our song of triumph thine.

Entes

Enter Paris and Hellen. Their trains bore  
up by twelve pages.

Par. Since Troy's deliverance at Diana's  
shrine,

Has brought you here to pay your rites  
divine,

This sacred song with that attraction draws,  
That take our knees joined in this hallowed  
cause.

Priest. If our resounding song of triumph  
calls

Such princely heads to grace our sacred walls,  
Raise, raise yours airs, if possible yet hither,  
When such illustrious glory joins the choir.

Procession begins again.

**B** Right Cynthia, to our solemn vows,  
Thy gracious ear incline;  
Behold no less than Princely brow,

Our solemn offering join;

Our foes are run;

Our fears are done.

The Greeks are fled, and Troy's our  
own.

Enter Cassandra.

Hellen. Ha! do I see that persecuting  
face;

Brings she new loads of scandal? new  
disgrace

To throw on my fair fame!

Par. No danger fear,

These sacred walls will bear no insult here.

Cass. O Paris, what mistaken pity,  
Has brought thee here? Canst thou who  
bend'st a knee

To impious love, t'unchaste and loose desire,  
Bow to Diana, join her virgin choir?

Par. What brings thee here, thou gavest  
thy word before,  
That I should hear that croaking voice no  
more.

Cass. And I'll perform my word: I come  
not now  
To court thy ears, but to convert thine eyes.  
The gods have given me power to act a  
miracle,  
See'st thou those glittering statues of the  
deities,

In all their shining robes of gold array'd?

Par. Yes, all too bright for thy weak blast  
to shade.

Cass. Those radiant forms, if possible to  
fable,  
Dark as thy crimes I'll at one breath trans-  
form,  
And hang you smiling skies with all the  
flames of hell.

Here Cassandra moves her wand, and in the  
twinkling of an eye, ten golden statues in  
the paintings are all turned back and the  
three figures on the pedestals are likewise  
stript

stript of their cloths of gold and all dress  
in black; and the whole vists of the  
heavens is changed to a flaming hell.

Cass. Now Paris, since thou'lt lent so deaf  
an ear.

To all my oracles of truth, see there!

Will you believe your eyes?

Par. My eyes!

Cass. Yes, infidel,

Will all these dreadful sights convince?

Par. sights!—What sights?

Cass. That hideous, and amazing scene!

Par. Cassandra what does this distraction  
mean.

Cass. The very gods their heads in sable  
shroud

And you bright skies in one infernal cloud;  
Wrap round with horror, mourn the fate of  
Troy,

Par. What clouds? What sable?

Cass. Look, look there blind boy!

Par. Sister, mad, foolish, wretched thought-  
less thing

To idle miracles make no more pretence;  
I prithee rave no more, learn to talk sense;  
But kneel, O kneel, and beg thy pitying gods  
To pardon thee this impious profanation;  
Enough to make the very images  
Whose shining beams our darted eyes behold,  
If possible, blush through their burnisht gold,  
To

To hear thee talk thus wildly.

Cass. Then thou see'st not  
Yon dismal transformation!

Par. transformation!

I see thee all transform'd. Thou that were  
born

A Princess, heir to all that should adorn  
The courts of Kings, with royal reason  
crown'd,

But Oh! thy whole fair senses lost and  
drowned,

Thou'rt in thy mad fantastic frenzy hurl'd,  
A roving lunatick round the wander'd world.

Cass. O what confusion strikes my startled  
ear,

And do you, reverend men see nothing there?  
No change in that high roof?

Priest. A change in thee

We see with pity. Thy lost wits we see.

Cass. Now am I lost! the low'ring destinies  
Are only visible to these poor eyes,

And walk in clouds to all the world besides.

Now mourn, Cass. thy lost country mourn,

In vain my helpls hand her fate would turn

O Paris thou must bleed, and Troy must burn

Hel. Now my dear love, I am ever thine.

Par. Yes my fair life, whilst thy bright  
beams divine,

And all these golden gods our guardians shine

ACT



## A C T. III.

The scene opens and discovers the town of Troy, consisting of ten pieces of uniform painting, representing a street of magnificent buildings, terminating with a double wall of the city, and over the wall is seen an upper town. In the center of the city stands the horse, out of whose sides, in the sight of the audience, ladders slip out, and immediately near forty soldiers with officers, issue out of the body of the horse, all with drawn swords.

First Officer.

**N**OW the great work draws on! the Trojans throats will a cheap and easy prize be found,

in their dead sleep and drunken revels drown'd  
2 Off. But hush, lie close, 'till the great signal's giv'n,

The King and all the army wait without,  
To second the great blow we must begin,  
Returning by the night's protection shade,  
Entering that breach the Trojan hands have made.

[The scene shuts.

Enter Mob drunk.

1 Mob. Well captain, we have had rory  
ry night on't

Capt. Ay, neighbour, the noble Prince  
Paris

Paris has made all the conduits in the town piss claret, and given us such feasting and toping, and fidling and roaring, 'till we are all Princes as great as himself.

All. Ay, ay, all Princes, all Princes!

Capt. O neighbours, here are rare days coming on, now the wars are done, and peace and plenty are pouring in upon us, we shall have no trade but eating and drinking; we shall have six half-penny loaves for a farthing, and every pint pot shall hold a gallon.

2 Mob. But are you sure these blessed days are a coming.

Capt. Sure! why I have Prince Paris's own word for it.

3 Mob. And we may take his word, for he is a gracious good Prince.

Capt. And we his loyal and obedient subjects, after his own pious example, walk uprightly, live soberly, and are drunk for joy.

Enter Wife.

Wife. Ay, there's my beast, Capt. Tom, and Capt. Sot too; Pox on him, now I must play the hypocrite, and coax him home to bed: If I don't, I am sure I shall have a foul load of garbage of him to-morrow morning. Have I found thee my deary?  
well,

Well, my dear, thou hast made a pretty night on't. But come chicken, 'tis past midnight, and prithee let's home to bed.

Capt. What, go like a poor dog to bed with my own wife? No hussy, I'd have you to know, I'll keep a whore, like Prince Paris; a whore, you B——.

Wife. A whore! Ay, ay, thou shalt keep a whore, thou shalt keep me, my dear, so prithee go home to bed.

3 Mob. Ay, noble captain, take her good council; 'tis nigh sleeping time, and so let's all home to bed.

Capt. Say you so? [nogging,  
Then home let's be jogging, there take t'other  
Be drunk both without and within doors;  
A pack of mad fellows, we'll burn, burn the  
bellows, [windows.

And throw the whole house out of the  
The scene opens, and discovers the town  
without the horse. Enter King, Ulysses,  
Grecians guards and attendants, all with  
drawn swords in one hand, and lighted  
flambeaus in the other.

King. Now vengeance, thou'rt my own!

Now impious Troy

Thy fall draws on. Burn, ravish and destroy;  
Heap piles of fire thro' every flaming street.

Ulyss. And sheath your swords in all the  
throats you meet.

A a

King.

King. Spare neither age nor sex.

Ulyss. Nor shrines nor temples save,  
Make all one crimson, and one blazing grave.

King. Pull both with fire and sword, that  
vengeance down,

'Till Troy shall even at once both burn and  
drown:

Think how you build the adulterous Hellen's  
Urn

Hot as her lust, her funeral pile shall burn.

During these commands given by the King,  
the soldiers run up and down the streets,  
seemingly setting the town on fire, whilst  
near forty windows or pole holes in the  
several paintings, all appear on fire, the  
flames catching from house to house, and  
all performed by illuminations and trans-  
parent paintings seen scattered thro' the  
scenes, both in the upper and lower towns.

Here enter several Trojans, in various and  
distracted postures, through the flaming  
streets, pursued by the Grecians; other  
Grecians running away with young women  
in their arms, all with several shrieks and  
cries, &c.

Enter Paris.

Pa. O these dread flames! Jove pours his  
wrathful fire,

Against poor Troy both men and fates con-  
spire.

*after page 100*

But

But fire and sword fall with an easy weight;  
I've lost my Hellen! There's my stroke of  
fate.

Enter Cassandra.

Cass. Now unbeliever, see those blazing  
ruins of Troy.

Par. Cassandra!

Cass. Behold thy country, father, brothers,  
and, all thy bleeding victims! see their  
fall, and tremble at thy own; their burning  
graves not half so hot as thy infernal fires.

Par. I dare not see that face; it strikes a  
blush,

Cass. If thou can'st blush, blush to the  
gods, not me.

What though the black adulterer yet thou  
art,

A brother still, and I've a sister's heart.

Par. O divine goodness! now I am lost  
indeed,

'Tis thro' this only wound my soul could  
bleed,

C. Farewel; prepare to die, thou hast  
not three

Repenting minutes left 'twixt death and  
thee

Forsook by all the world, and only mourn'd  
by me.

P. Thou oracle of fate, to thy geat doom  
I bow,

A a 2

Not

But



Not overtook by death, I'll meet it now.

Enter King, Ulysses and guards.

King. Burn out, my blazing vengeance  
burn so bright,

'Till the pale stars of this immortal night,  
Shrink in their beads at thy diviner light.

Enter Paris.

Paris. Where is the fate I'd meet ?

King. Traitor, 'tis here.

Paris. I know that face too well.

King. And this keen steel,  
Shall know thy heart as well.

Ulyss. Hold sir, disgrace not  
Your sword, with such polluted blood ;  
An ax, a scaffold, and an hangman's hand,  
Best fit so vile a traitor's execution.

K. Unkind Ulysses, would'st thou rob my  
glory,

His death, and by this arm of justice given.  
No Paris, meet thy fate, and from his hand;  
Let publick scaffolds meaner heads demand.  
Tho' thy soul's blacker than perdition, still  
Thou'st Priamus's royal blood thy veins to  
fill :

That only claim, does for his vengeance call.  
Thou'rt born a Prince, and by a King shall  
fall.

Thus to thy heart ! [Fights, and kills Paris.

Paris, O King thou'st aim'd too well.

King. Down royal monster, to thy throne  
in hell.

Pa. Vain world, and what's more vain,  
fond love, farewell. (Dies.

Hellen enters above.

Hel. My Paris dead! On this sad object  
fixt,  
Eyes look your last, 'tis Hellen's fate comes  
next!

K. Ha! Seize the traitress, bring her to  
my vengeance  
Bring her alive, for wheels and racks and  
tortures

Whole years of death.

Hel. No, I defy thy power!  
Here I am safe within this flaming tower.  
I see what fate does my dear Paris share;  
For him I liv'd, for him alone was fair,  
And since my joys in his cold Urn lie dead,  
Those curling flames shall be my last warm  
bed.

Look up then to this shining bed of fire,  
And see the Phœnix of the world expire.  
(Leaps down into the fire.

King. She has bravely escaped me.

Ulyss. Yes. when thus she fell,  
She has performed, great sir, an ill part well  
K. 'Tis done! 'tis done, this brace of  
traitors slain,

This one night's joy rewards my ten years  
pain,

(Exit. scene shute.  
Enter

Enter Capt. Tom, and three of the Mob.

Capt. And are we sure we are all alive,

1 Mob. We hope we are. (neighbours?)

Capt. Hope! alas, hopes are all deceitful  
For we that are here were all living men  
but yesterday, and who knows but we shall  
find ourselves all knockt o'the head to  
morrow morning, so soon as we are awake?

2 Mob. Truly, like enough. And yet I  
hope we are got pretty well out of harm's  
way; out of the walls of that miserable town  
of slaughter.

3 Mob. Ay, miserable indeed; for never  
was such fire and sword work ever seen.  
Ay, Captain, our poor neighbour stich the  
taylor, I saw him drop.

Capt. And how did he drop?

3 Mob. O strangely! very strangely!  
Tho' the good man was as honest a p or  
cuckold as any in the kingdom, yet his horns  
could not secure his head. His brains were  
knocked out.

Capt. Alas! poor stich!

3 Mob. and then there's that honest true  
pitcher-man horse nail the farrier: He good  
fellow had his head cut off.

Capt. His head cut off! and how did the  
poor fellow look after his head was cut off?  
I warrant ye very sleepishly. Ay, neigh-  
bours, to have one's head cut off, is enough  
to put any man out of countenance.

3 Mob,

3 Mob. Av, Captain, as you say, the poor fellow was a little dastht at it, but the honest lad had the good fortune to carch his head before it fell, and is bringing it under his arm, as fast as his weak legs can carry him, to desire his good friend Captain Bristle to lend him an awl and a Cobler's ends to stitch it on again.

Capt. I stitch it on again! Alas I am quite broke! my ends and awls, and my whole stall burnt down. Nay, my poor wife burnt too. I have lost as good a wife as a man could desire to part withal.

1 Mob. The poor Cassandra has been a true Prophetess.

2 Mob. Ay, and I might have been a Prophet too, if I had thought on't. I am sure I have seen Signs and Tokens enough to prognosticate sad times, dismal times!

Capt. What signs and tokens?

2 Mob. Why, 'twas no longer ago than't t'other night, as I was at supper in the chimney corner, a whole family of swallows that had occupied the tenement these ten years, fell down nest and all into the porridge-pot, and quite spoil'd the broth.

Capt. Oh wondrous! the fate of Troy to a tittle! down fell the nest of Swallows: downs falls the city of Troy. And where should this fall but in the chimney, all in  
fire

fire and smoak ? Troy, Troy again exactly ; then into what did they fall but the porridge-pot ? and how many thousand poor families have this night went to pot, as well as the nest of swallows !——Ah, neighbour, hadst thou been an honest man and a true subject, and went and told the king this prodigious warning-piece, it had been enough to have opened his eyes to the nation's danger, and saves the town, and all our lives.

The scene opens, and discovers a grove, terminating with a triumphal Arch, with two figures of fame hanging beneath the arch. and beyond the arch, over a Terras walk is seen a beautiful garden of six fide wings, adorned with statues, and ending in a Visto of Garden work.

The King, Ulysses, and all his Grecians and Guards appearing by him.

Mob. Where are we now ?

King. Stop your destroying hands, your swords all sheath,

We have had enough of ruin, fire, and death.

For you, poor wretches you have severely felt,

The arm of vengeance for your Prince's guilt ;

And



And do deserve our pity——  
Here I've finished my revenge. Enjoy  
Your lives and liberties, and rebuild your  
Troy.

Mob. Huzza!

Capt. of the Mob. Hark ye friend; [speaking to a Greacian] Pray tell your King from me he is a very civil gentleman; and since he's so humbly gracious to bid us build our town again, strike up fiddle, well give him a song and a dance at parting.

An entertainment of several dialogues and dances, after which, the King and the rest come forward, and Ulysses speaks

Ulyss. Ladies, set Hellen's fate before  
your eyes,

A virtuous bed, and husband's love to prize,  
One wanton, her unchaste desires t'enjoy,  
Pull'd down her own, and the whole fate of  
Troy.

FINIS.

20 JY 64

